

## WHEN SORROW CAME.

When sorrow came, I did not look  
For any visitor that day,  
But in beside the ingle-nook  
She slipped in calm, familiar way,  
As one, a dear and privileged guest,  
Who pushes wide a door ajar,  
And, seeking only friendly rest,  
Sits down where all the kindred are.

And first surprised, I scarcely knew  
A word to greet the stranger face;  
There crept a numbing shadow through  
The brightness of her dwelling place.  
So dumb her lips, so veiled her eyes,  
So chill the hand in mine she laid,  
The sunshine vanished from the skies,  
And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But sorrow stayed, until I heard,  
In that hushed silence round her drawn,  
Voices more sweet than song of bird,  
The tender tones of loved ones gone,  
And floating from the silver shore,  
Whereon the ransomed walk serene,  
Came wafts of fragrance blown before  
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfused, sorrow turned.  
Her look was wonderful to see;  
My very soul within me burned,  
For Love in sorrow died for me.  
And Love appoints my sorrow still,  
And sacramental cups are poured  
Where I and sorrow, if God will,  
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Congregationalist*.

## An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer, and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaines; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mrs. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's house at the cantonment. Grafton next morning learns of Florence's flight.

Chapter XIII.—Meantime rioting strikers at Cimarron Junction had got wind of the coming of troops and had sought to block the way by wrecking a freight caboose in Calamon Gorge. Everyone knew trouble would end the moment the Riflers got to the scene of the strike, but what might happen in the meantime?

### CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Something had happened. On one of the passenger trains blocked beyond Cimarron was a Chicago lawyer of most active mind and being, a Chicagoan of no little experience with scenes of the kind, and this gentleman had fired message after message to Lieut. Randolph Merriam, at Sedgwick, and finally demanded reason for that officer's silence.

"What'll I do with this here, sir?" said McGrath, coming finally into the adjutant's office. "There's three messages here for Mr. Merriam, urgent ones, too, and finally the sender asks why he don't reply."

"Say that Mr. Merriam is still away after Mexican murders, and we expect him any minute. Ask if any other officer will do? Hello! What's that, orderly?" he broke off, at the sound of hoof beats and excited voices without.

A trooper entered, dust covered and weary, to make his brief report. Capt. Grafton darting in just in time for the news.

"Lieut. Merriam's wounded, sir, an' his horse killed, and can the doctor go back with me?"

"My God!" thought Grafton ere he spoke aloud. "Is there to be no end to the calamities of this day?" Repressing his own eagerness, he waited in stern self-discipline while the adjutant went quickly into details, as was his business, in striving to learn the extent and nature of Merriam's wounds; then, the colonel being over home, turned for advice to Grafton.

"Only our contract doctor left," he said. "The others are off with the Riflers or—in chase." Hurriedly he wrote a few lines to Buxton and then turned to McGrath.

"Tell Capt. Grafton about these messages for Mr. Merriam, will you?" said he, "and captain, will you please attend to that while I look to Randy's relief? Thank God they didn't kill him," he added as he went noisily out. "What in heaven's name did Buxton expect him to do, anyhow?"

"Have you a right to say what is wanted of Mr. Merriam and whom these are from?" asked Grafton of the operator.

"I couldn't say a word, sir, ordi-

narily, but I believe they'll never blame me now. It's a Mr. Edward Parry, and he begs Mr. Merriam, who can get through, to come up beyond Cimarron to him on important business—his train's blocked by strikers."

"Give me a blank," said Grafton, quickly. "I think I partially understand the case," and these were the words that were wired at one o'clock to the eager lawyer on the waiting train.

"Merriam wounded in affair with bandits this morning—miles from post. Mrs. McLane is still under my roof. Command my services."

"GEORGE GRAFTON, Captain."

Then Grafton followed the trail of the adjutant—went straightway to Buxton, who was taking his noonday siesta and hated to be disturbed at such a time and was crusty, as could be expected, when asked permission by Capt. Grafton to ride out and meet the wounded officer. He flew into a tantrum.

"My God, sir! No, sir. Am I to scatter my medical staff to the four winds, with Brady and Corcoran past praying for here, and then have my troop leader scattering tools? The Lord only knows what's going to happen before we get through with this day, and now Merriam's shot and mortally wounded, and that the Riflers are wrecked at Calamon Gorge—"

"Merriam is shot and not mortally wounded, dear, and the Riflers refused to be wrecked at Calamon Gorge. Where is Mrs. McLane? Has she heard?"

"Dozing placidly in her room—too much shaken to come downstairs today. Had her coffee and her luncheon in bed, and I gave Annette positive orders to let her know nothing about—"

"Florence, and she hasn't. But presently, when she dresses for the afternoon and comes down and hears about Randy? What then?"

"Still sleeping, is she?" asked Grafton, ignoring for a moment the question as to what might happen when their guest awoke and heard the news.

"Yet I think you said she was greatly excited after getting that second dispatch, and had been dreadfully nervous."

"She certainly was for some hours, and you know she walked and tossed last night after she came upstairs. Then she seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and Annette said she could hardly arouse her for her coffee this morning."

Grafton tugged at his mustache and gave himself over to deep thought a few minutes. Mrs. Grafton anxiously watching his face.

"Well," said he, starting up, and, as it were, shaking himself together, "let her have her sleep out. I fancy mere news is on the road; I know her lawyer is."

"Why! Mr. Parry?—her brother-in-law?"

"The very same, Harriet, and his train is sidetracked by strikers miles above Cimarron. There are three dispatches from him for Randy now."

Mrs. Grafton was silent a moment, as she stood by his side looking up into his thoughtful face, as though seeking there the solution of the questions that puzzled her. Then, dusting away with her finger tips some flakes of cigar ashes that clung to the breast of the captain's undress coat, she ventured:

"There are two things I can't understand. If he's her lawyer why he should be wiring to Randy and not to her, and why it is the strikers don't cut her wires if they want to cut off all business."

His broad, brown hand patted caressingly the taper, white fingers toyed about the little toggle of his watch chain, as he looked down into her anxious, upturned face.

"His letters to Fan have been unanswered, and he probably expects her to pay as little attention to his dispatches. As for the wires, they are more necessary to the strikers in their combination than to anybody else, otherwise they'd have cut them long ago—ah, here comes our messenger now."

And sure enough the orderly trumpeter came trotting up the steps, the usual brown envelope in his hand.

Mrs. Grafton eagerly watched her husband as he read. "I thought so," said he, looking quietly up. "Read that," and handed her the dispatch.

"To Capt. Grafton, Fort Sedgwick: Thanks for your courtesy. Shocked to hear of Merriam's mishap. Mrs. McLane should have met me in Denver three days ago. Must be ready moment road opens."

"EDWARD PARRY."

Three hours later, just as the ladies and children began to appear in their fresh afternoon toilets and their baby carriages and nurses were in force along the gravel walk, and the band was assembling for its daily concert on the parade, a vision of womanly loveliness, albeit garbed in somber black, came smilingly down the stairs at Grafton's and rustling out to shower gracious welcome on the little group of ladies and officers on the front piazza. Some of the men were seated—Whittaker and Minturn notably being nearest the door—others sunning themselves out along the fence, while the ladies occupied their camp-chairs or the steps as best pleased their fancy. Grafton's was always a popular rendezvous on the cavalry side, and to-day the assembly was more numerous than usual, and anybody but Fanny McLane could not have failed to note how deep was the shadow that overspread every face, how somber and mirthless the tenor of the talk. Intent only on charming, she came trippingly forth, bestowing a white hand on the red-striped Minturn, who was prompt to seize it, and smiles and nods and chirrups upon everybody. The men who had risen and doffed their caps did

not retake their seats, for a trumpeter was sounding a stable call, and Whittaker murmured with telling effect: "You never come now until you know we have to go;" and there was a slow and somewhat reluctant start, the rival suits hanging on to the last. Grafton, usually the promptest of troop leaders, went as far as his gate only and there said in a low tone to his own subaltern: "Tell Col. Buxton I am detained a few minutes on important personal business," and let the group go sauntering out into the sunshine without him. The band was gayly crashing through the spirited measures of the "Liberty Bell." Maj. Freeman, straddling down the row in chase of the troop officers, glanced up and smiled and waved his hand.

"The Riflers put a head on that Cimarron strike in short order, didn't they?" said he. "The news has just come—trains running to-morrow."

Out on the sunlit mesa a mile away a dusty little cortege came slowly, wearily trooping homeward, bearing a wounded officer to the longed-for shelter of his home; and Grafton, with still another of those fateful brown envelopes in his hand, bent over and interrupted the lovely widow in the midst of her animated chat with the ladies from next door.

"Pardon me one minute, Mrs. McLane," he said. "Some rather urgent dispatches came while you were sleeping, and this has just reached me. If you can spare a moment to glance over them I will have the answers sent. Suppose we step inside."

It was wonderful with what suddenness gladness and gaiety would vanish from her eyes, leaving there only a hunted, haggard look; so, too, in the lines about the sensitive mouth; yet the soft, creamy tint of the fair skin remained unchanged, as did the gentle color. Mutely she arose and followed him, and the parlor being in the shade and too near the party on the porch, he led on to the bright dining-room whose windows commanded a view of the sunshiny mesa. There he turned.

"Mr. Parry wires me that he had expected you in Denver three days ago, and that your affairs demand that you should go thither the moment the road is open—which will be to-morrow. He says he has vainly tried to get an answer to his letters to you, and that no reply came to his dispatches. Can I be of any service, Mrs. McLane? This seems most urgent, and, pardon me, I believe it my duty to point out to you that your friends are rendered powerless by your own neglect to act."

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"

"I did try," she faltered. "I had to see Mr. Merriam." She made a piteous picture, looking up there into his stern, soldierly face.

"But, pardon me again, I cannot see, knowing nothing of the nature of this—litigation, what Mr. Merriam has to do with it. Is his testimony necessary?"